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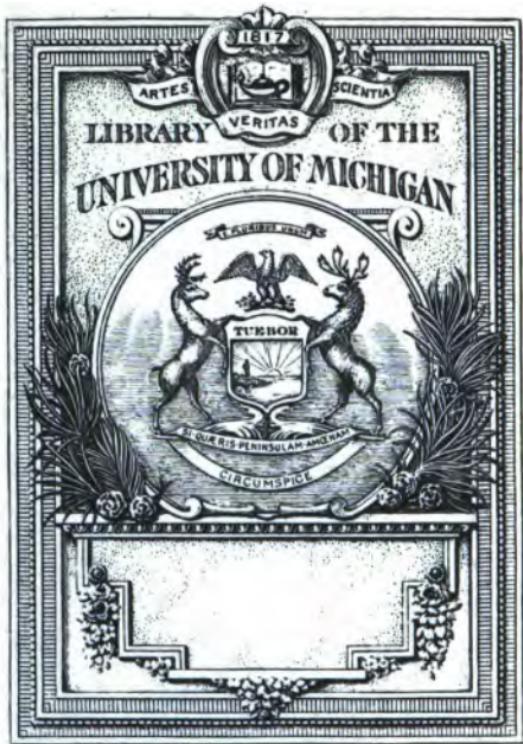
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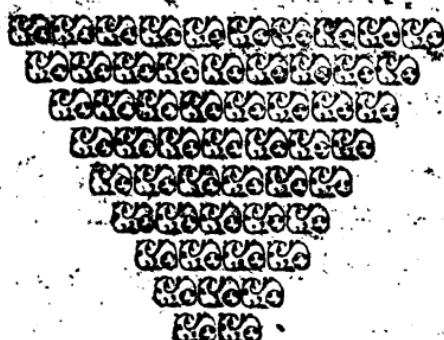
Mitswurz, Luke.

THE

Moderate Cabal.

A

SATYR.



L O N D O N

Printed: And Sold by the Booksellers. 1710.

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T H E

Moderate Cabal.

MUST I be silent still, and still be teaz'd
 With Brutes by more than single Legions seiz'd ?
 In whose dark Bosoms *Beelzebub* presides,
 And thro' rough Ways their baffl'd Judgments rides,
 Till by base Flattery and Faction rais'd,
 They're first for Goodness, then for Temper prais'd,
 Then mount the Pinacles of Church and State,
 Till known and hated, tho', perhaps, too late ?

Must I be plagu'd with S——'s Pastorals,
 Or what from hypocritic *Scotch-Cloth* falls ?
 View how he throws his brawny Arms about,
 While his Harangues amuse the gaping Rout ?
 Read how his four-Act Thoologic Play
 Does both our Church and heav'nly Truth betray ;

See what his *Secret History* supplies
 That Farce of Malice, Impudence, and Lies,
 And all his tedious noisy Cant, when he
 Defends *Occasional-Conformity* ?

No : But with angry Satyr's justest Rage,
 I'll lash the *Villains* of this Godless Age,
 Rip up their Breasts, anatomize their Hearts,
 Expose their inmost undiscover'd Parts ;
 Nor shall the darling *George* secure the Great,
 Nor snowy Robes th' Ecclesiastic Cheat ;
 And if weak Nature no Supplies can bring,
 Anger shall clench the Rhimes, and Justice point the

(Sting,

I burn ! I burn ! nor can the vastest Seas
Dampier e'er measur'd in his Voyages,
 Allay my Flame, while *Sutton's Papil* wears
 His Head, and at the C——l B——rd appears
 An Upstart, Whoring, Sodomitic Lord,
 At Home a Doll, a Patriot at the Board,
 Shameless as Bauds when for their Gain^g they ply,
 Hard as a *Newgate-Bird* condemn'd to die.
 Yet fine, polite and airy, brisk and gay,
 The Atheists Friend, and the Fanatics Stay,
 With all the proper Arts of Hell supply'd,
 But all with *Moderation* sanctify'd

Tell

Tell me, my Muse, for thou, or none, can't tell
 Where does this *wond'rous* Moderation dwell ;
 This Monster which our *British* Field o'er powers,
 And all the Seeds of Heav'nly Truth devours ;
 Makes our fair Paradise a Desert wild
 By *Zijm* and *Gijm*, by *Bats* and *Owls* defil'd,
 While the bright Sword hangs flaming o'er the Gate,
 And all who'd enter, only meet their Fate.

Was she an *Angel* of that Rebel Crew
 Whom *Lucifer* from their bright Stations drew,
 Who thrust from Heav'n, a Tyrant reigns on Earth,
 And gives a thousand hideous Phantoms Birth !

Or did she spring from putrid Soil of old,
 When that vast Deluge o'er the Surface roll'd,
 Dry'd up and gone, prolific Mud grew Warm
 With quick'ning Beams, and gave her Life and Form ?
 Or when on *Python* bright *Apollo* try'd
 His golden Shafts, did, when that Serpent dy'd,
 From his black Blood this fiercer *Hydra* spring,
 And from a thousand Mouths a thousand Poisons
 (fling ?

Or when th' old *Dragon* from his purple Jaws
 Against Heav'n's Spouse, and Heav'n's eternal Laws,
 Disgorg'd huge Floods of pestilential Foam,
 Did she a *Mola* from his Entrails come,

Hatch'd

Hatch'd in the Bosom of the Scarlet Whore,
 And fed and suckled with her menstrual Gore,
 And all the Marks of both her Parents bore ?
 Speak, Muse, and let the Sottish Nations know
 To what Originals they their *darling Idol* owe ?

Near the scorch'd Outworks of Eternal Hell,
 Lies a prodigious stony roomy Cell
 Where empty Shades and dreadful Monomes ply,
 And new-hatch'd Terrors their weak Pinions try ;
 No fanning Breezes e'er refresh the Place ;
 No funny Sparks the gloomy Ceilings grace ;
 No Marble Squares the polish'd Pavement make,
 But one black pitchy far extended Lake,
 By silent Rills from opiate Rocks supply'd,
 Uncheck'd by Current, and unmov'd by Tide,
 Whence heavy Dews and pois'nous Vapours rise,
 Whose sulph'rous Steams the soundest Brains surprize ;
 No Noises there, but hissing Serpents round,
 Fill the vast Concave with a driery Sound,
 From whose red fiery Eyes a dismal Glare
 Shoots dubious Flashes thro' the murky Air ;
 No Tongues with Thriller Notes the Ear surprize,
 But all their Talk in hollow Murmurs dies.

On the dark Plain a *Barca-Longa* lies ;
 On such in *Southern Seas* the *Spaniard* plies
 From *Acapulco* down to *Panama*,
 While they with roughest Seas and Tempests play,
 Part under Part above the Waves appears,
 And by the setting Current mainly steers :
 The Deck a Throne grotesque and antique bears,
 Which to the Roof its lofty Pillars rears ;
 The Throne it self all fram'd of *fatal Yew*,
 On which meer *Orpiment* and *Indian Blem*,
 By Hellish Art well varnish'd o'er, disgrac'd
 That nobler Stone with real Ore enchas'd ;
 The Pillars round, in twining Circles, grow
 Dark *Polypode* with treach'rous *Mistletoe*,
Hen-bane and *Night-shade*, *Moon-wort*, *Acomite*,
 And all such Flowers as torpid Dreams excite.
 The Canopy a monst'rous *Fungus* made,
 Whose dropping Verge and pestilential Shade,
 The rolling Snakes with vig'rous Poyson feed,
 Enflame their Lusts, and multiply their Breed.
 The Foot-stool is a pond'rous *Marcasite*,
 Which shines and glitters in that dubious Light ;
 But the sham Metal try'd in Chymick Fires,
 Only in worthless Dust and nauseous Fumes expires.

Here *Moderation* sits enthron'd in State,
 And round her all her frothy Courtiers wait ;
 A glorious Angel once, a spritely Flame,
 By Sin unfully'd, and untouched by Shame,
 With Joy she paid her Lord his Praises due,
 With Joy she on his gracious Errands flew ;
 Her Services with heav'nly Favours bless'd,
 And she by all her happy Mates care's'd,
 Till by rebellious *Lucifer* cajoll'd
 From Heav'n, she with the ruin'd Legions roll'd
 To this uncomfortable Cell confin'd,
 Unless let loose, when Providence design'd
 To scourge the World, when Kings and Kingdoms feel
 Convulsive Pangs, and tow'r'd Confusion reel.

So once the Fiend appear'd in Heav'n of old,
 And *Israel's* Monarchs hast'ning Fate foretold,
 When all his Prophets Mouths deceitful she
 Engag'd to fill with Lies and Forgery.

Soft are her Looks, and languishing her Eyes,
 Her bloomy Cheeks from lovely Dimples rise ;
 Her Lips as scarlet ruddy, soft as Wool,
 Only her Mouth above Proportion full ;
 Her Hands of finest Shape and purest Hue,
 But that her Nails like Vultures Pounces show ;

Her lower Part the gawdy Foot-stool rakes
 With endless Volumes of engend'ring Snakes,
 In Elve-Locks twisted, so as ne'er to be
 Undone by Mathematic Industry ;
 Within her Womb, as if by Art display'd,
 It open to discerning Eyes were laid,
 A close coil'd, hideous, vip'rous Litter grows,
 Which the transparent Secundines disclose,
 Monst'rous as *Dyer's* ugly *Sooterkin*,
 Num'rous as *Hutchinson's* prolific Sin,
 Beside what Heaps, unseen by mortal Eye,
 In the *Ovarium* unimpregnate lie,
 Which quickly our unhappy Land will store
 With various Kinds of pois'rous Serpents, more
 Than in their *Syrian*, or their *Lybian*, round
Moses or *Cato's* wand'ring Armies found.

A Royal Robe with rich Embroidery laid,
 The Work emboss'd on tissu'd Masquerade,
 Hangs from her Shoulders, and the *Barca* sweeps
 To which for Covert all the Litter creeps,
 While Mists which daily round their Parent rise,
 The *mythic* *Kennel* hide from vulgar Eyes.

Around her Throne her *limber* Court appear,
 And to her Will their pliant Counsels veer,

Each to their Queen their near Approaches make
 On large *Boraccio's* floating on the Lake,
 Steer'd by their Feet dipt in that *Asphaltite*,
 Their *Clay* and *Iron* so conceal'd from Sight,
 Each Wight behind him has his *Fav'rite Whore*;
 True to himself as he to Heav'n before,
 Who, from a foetid subterranean Fire,
 Their heated Lords with *mod'rate* Thoughts inspired.

Belial was *President*, who wheel'd *Eve*
 Her Zeal to do her Maker's Will to leave,
 For a scarce probable Opinion, where
 No Doubt could in her Lord's Commands appear,
 To moderate her present Bliss by Sin,
 And lost herself, to draw her Husband in;
 Behind him *Job's* discreet *Adviser* sits,
 And with fresh Fraud supplies his wasting Wits.

Then *Cain*, for Moderation long renown'd,
 Whose Charity with *Abel's* *Blood* was crown'd;
 Whose Gifts his Maker's Altars rarely press'd,
 Whose pious Care no Priestly Portion dress'd,
 Slow in Expence, and in Devotion cool,
 The Atheist's *Saint*, the Devil's early *Tool*;
 His Nephew *Lamech's* left Hand Wife behind,
 With soft Luke-warmness fill'd his half exhausted Mind.

Next *Nebat's* hopeful Issue fronts the Throne,
 Much for his sweet and healing Temper known,
 Who, that he might his loving Subjects spare,
 Forbade them *Salem's* Sacrifice and Prayer.

The Walk, alas! was long, the Danger great,
 While *David's* Heirs possess'd the Regal Seat ;
 God could not be to one sole Place confin'd,
 No Walls, no Charms could hold unbounded Mind :
 Groves or high Places his *Delights* might be,
 Dear as the Temple's awful Majesty.

He taught each Boor to manage *Aaron's* Rod,
 And show'd how Calves might represent their God.
 Calves were a gentle, harmless, useful Beast,
 And much the Goodness of their Lord expreſt.
 If 'twas an Error, God's anointed One,
 Great *Aaron*, had the first Example shown,
 And Miracles concur'd in their Behalf,
 In went the Gold, out leap'd the Golden Calf,
 Those pamper'd Priests were all morose and proud,
 Above the Converse of the humble Crowd ;
 But these in Academies should be train'd,
 And only as the People pleas'd, maintain'd ;
 So they'd both preach and practise what might please,
 And they might run their happy Course at Ease.

Him *Jezebel*, that patching, painting Queen,
 The first in that undecent Fashion seen,
 Embrac'd; Lust, Murder was her constant Aim,
 Yet she to Moderation made her Claim,
 Unless some holdfast *Naboth* cross'd her Way,
 Religion then must her Command obey.

The next great Counsellor of State appears,
 He who affaid grave *Eleazer's* Years ;
 Soft were his Words as Butter, smooth as Oil,
 To make him from Heav'n's sacred Laws recoil,
 And to prolong his now declining Day,
 To throw Obedience and his Soul away,
 Never could *Israel's* God his Servants tie,
 Rather than bow or eat for once, to die.
 The Swine were made at first for human Use,
 Then why should Man to eat their Flesh refuse,
 To save their Lives ? Or why should silver Hair,
 All ting'd with Blood, to *Death's* dark Shades repair ?

Him *Parisatis*, *Persia's* Pride attends,
 Who *Life* and *Death* with such a Temper blends,
 That while the envenom'd Knife the Bird divides,
 The Eater's diff'rent Fates th' envenom'd Knife decides.

Next *Gallio*, once *Achaia's* Pretor, floats,
 Soft in his Temper, easy in his Votes ;

He lets the Multitude in Tumults rise,
 And all Religion's dark Debates defies.
 Let Jews be zealous for expiring Laws ;
 Let Christians plead their great Redeemer's Cause ;
 Let Pagans have a thousand Gods for one ;
 Let Libertines and Atheists swear there's none,
 He cares for nothing, may but *Cesar* sway
 The *Roman World*, and all his Slaves obey.
 Him the salacious *Meffaline* cajoles,
 Free of her Flesh, as others of their Souls,
 And pleads for Liberty of Lust, as well
 As those who Liberty of Conscience sell.
 The next Pretender, with a lofty Gate,
 And haughty Air, assumes Imperial State.
 The *Roman Eagle* in his Shield he bears,
 A Javelyn thro' his Breast transfix'd appears ;
 This was that Man of wond'rous Parts and Sense,
 Who durst Apostate from his Lord commence,
 Who pure Religion and its Laws defy'd,
 And to extirpate both, sedately try'd.
 He taught by Hell, the first Indulgence gave,
 That stubborn Jews and Infidels might have
 With faithful Christians equal Liberty,
 And both the Church's constant Teasers be :

He Heretics and Schismatics discharg'd
 From pinching Laws, and all their Bounds enlarg'd ;
 And hop'd the several Sects, howe'er at odds,
 Would to the Faithful prove afflictive Rods,
 While he might once again exalt his useless Gods.
 By such vile Arts, in our corrupted Age,
 Could Libertines their Princes Thoughts engage,
 Too soon impos'd on, by a fond Pretence
 To Charity, to root out all the Sense
 Of sound Religion, and by *more* allow'd,
 To lose the Christian in the motly Crowd.

With him, and on the same *Boraccio* rides
 The fam'd *Lucilla*, and the *Float* bestrides,
 With Thoughts to Heaven, as that Apostate true,
 Who with a Cloak of flaming Zeal in View,
 Would, by *Divisions* rais'd, the Church it self subdue.

By him the *Arabian* Prophet shows his Head,
 A Wretch to Violence and Falshood bred ;
 Unlearn'd, ambitious, cruel, crafty, proud,
 Yet fram'd by Nature to delude the Crowd ;
 His Head a Monk's Hood for a *Turban* crown'd,
 His Loins a *Jewish Ephod* girded round ;
 He turn'd a-drift the Christian and his God,
 And made the *East* attend his palsy'd Nod ;

Indulgence

Indulgence was his canting wheadling Word,
 Indulgence wholly by himself abhor'd,
 Who forc'd his Dreams on all by dint of Sword.
 The great *Irene*, she whose fiery Zeal
 Could her Son's Eyes in endless Darkness seal ;
 Darkness, thro' which the Sun's illustrious Ray
 Could never shoot one Glympse of cheerful Day :
 The Prince i'th' Steps of Saints and Martyrs trod,
 She of an Image wisely made a God ;
 She to renew Idolatry, desir'd
Muhamed to the Regal Throne aspir'd ;
 To Moderation both advanc'd their Claim,
 And Irreligion was their mutual Aim ;
 So oft the heav'nly Virgin's hugg'd to Death,
 While, *Hail, dear Madam*, fills the Traytor's Breath.

Next in the Presence *Leicester's* Count is seen,
 False to the State, and false to Church and Queen ;
 Who, sweet good Man, for Moderation fam'd,
 The Patronage of tender Conscience claim'd :
 He'd coaks a persecuted factious Saint,
 And could in vile fanatic Jargon cant ;
 His Cant was yet with monst'rous Lewdness crownd,
 He deep in horrid Lusts and Vices drown'd ;

His Wife dispatch'd, he a Seraglio kept,
 And tho' with Murder stain'd, fectly slept?
 Behind him that lascivious Countess got,
 Who Carr and Devereux both to Ruin brought ;
 Like him for sober Chastity admir'd,
 Like him with Zeal for found Religion fir'd ?

But see on that *Boraccio* fixt astride
 An ill-shap'd States-man with an open Side,
 Tapt to give Vent to his hydroptic Brain,
 Whence Spirit of Faction and Rebellion drain ;
 Apparent Heir to that damn'd *Florentine*,
 Fam'd for unfathom'd Plot and dark Design ;
 In ev'ry Turn he'd have his certain Share
 Advis'd with Cunning, and perform'd with Care ;
 Restless, revengeful, crafty, popular,
 Talking of Peace, when meditating War ;
 Now all for arbitrary Government,
 But soon on Property and Freedom bent ;
 He'd Conscience now and Reformation preach ;
 But quickly Blood and Extirpation teach.
Portsmouth his Friend, that *French* bewitching Bait,
 Our Nation's Pest, and easy *Charles's* Fate,
 By home-bred Faction, as by *France* maintain'd ;
 She Liberty of Vice and Conscience gain'd.

But off as swift her ill-got Fortunes fly,

Lost by the fatal Turn of the deceitful *Die*.

By these *G*—*n*, *S*—*s*, *C*—*r*, *G*—*y*,
W—*n*, and *M*—*n*, and *M*—*t* come in Play,
Warm for religious Moderation all,
In Vice they'd ne'er for Moderation call ;
Guilty of *Sodom's* and of *Salem's* Crimes,
Plagues of our World, and Scandals of our Rhimes ;
Basset and Ombre, Ganymedes and Whores
Make them exhaust the Realm's and Nature's Stores ;
Yet these the Watch-men are our Church to save,
These can't the Conscience or the Realms enslave.
Such sniv'ling Toos ! Lord ! when Posterity
Shall their rank Names in future Records see,
Into these States-mens mighty Acts enquire,
How they'll our Ages Politics admire,
To see such Wolves and Bears employ'd to keep
The faithful *Shepberds*, and their harmless *Sheep* !

One Mate alone this *Team* of Peers supply'd ;
Hell could none fitter for their Turn provide :
A subtle Jade, sprung from a *Beldam* Witch,
Fam'd for her griping and her lustful Itch ;
A scraping *D*—*s* of a sparing *D*—*e*,
Whom Nature in her first *Design* mistook,

Made him a Hero provident and brave,
 Made him as Misers, Money's sordid Slave :
 By this these hated most where most admir'd ;
 By that with dark ambitious Heat inspir'd.
 She once her Sovereign's Grace monopoliz'd,
 But none would part with, 'till 'twas first excis'd.
 The subtle Wanton no Occasion slipt,
 But from *Boraccio* to *Boraccio* skipt ;
 Now this, now that with eager Arms embrac'd,
 And quickly back the self same Circle trac'd ;
 As much as they the public Good desir'd,
 And all their Breasts with Moderation fir'd,
 She bade them still for Moderation call,
 So Golden Show'rs on all their Heads should fall,
 Each Patriot should a happy *Midas* grow,
 And all he touch'd that glorious Tincture show ;
 For through-pac'd Politicians ne'er were known
 To value public Int'rest, but their own.

With these appears a big-bon'd *Northern* Priest,
 With pliant Body, and with brawny Fist,
 Whose weighty Blows the dusty Cushions thrash,
 And make the trembling Palpit's Wainscot crash.
 He th' Apostle-like Order's Title claims,
 But that the *S—h-C—th* Sleeves the Mitre shames //

A Wretch made up of spiteful Sham's and Lies,
 Who fills whole Reams with ugly Calumnies ;
 Writes brazen Legends of the sacred Tribe,
 But to the Libel dares no Name subscribe :
 Him Moderation as her Chaplain takes,
 And he his Honours to her Highness makes.
 No ranker *Tory* ever pass'd the *Tweed*,
 No City Air a ranker *Whig* could breed ;
 But Yesterday he'd Non-Resistance preach,
 To Day Resistance and Rebellion teach :
 He our occasional Conformists heads,
 And for those hypocritic Monsters pleads.
 He bawls and lies, and vents his lewd Harangues,
 But thro' the Rochet shows the Kirker's Fangs ;
 Forgets the rev'rend *Rheims*'s sage Advice,
 And sets his Soul at an inferior Price ;
 Has all his Brother *Bob*'s true Paces got,
 Is false, uneasy, always in a Plot.
 Among our very Peers he throws his Foam,
 But breathes a Vein to cool himself at Home ;
 The *Mitre*'s Scandal, and the Garter's Blot,
 Fawning yet hated by the true-born *Scot* ;
 The Laughing-Stock of ev'ry Party grown,
 Despis'd by good Men, and belov'd by none.

His Right and Left has each a waiting Man,
 An Atheist that, this a Republican ;
 That has a sable Patch in Front impress'd,
 To show his Head with a soft Place is bless'd,
 Black as that gloomy Prince whose Mask he wears,
 Foul as that P—r whose Monument he rears :
 Some say 'tis Silver underneath ; some say
 It's Brafs, tho' hidden from the Beams of Day ;
 A proud, aspiring, factious, sham Divine,
 Fit to promote the Devil's worst Design ;
 Values distinguish'd Sense and Judgment more
 Than heav'nly Grace i' th' pious humble Poor,
 Tho' that distinguish'd Sense and Judgment lie
 Only in Lewdness, Dice, and Blasphemy ;
 A Priest, who, for a hundred Pieces, dares
 Revive the Tricks of old Idolaters ;
 Fix Whores and Rogues above the rolling Skies,
 And Pathics, Rebels, Atheists canonize.
 Should but the Poor believe him, they'd despair,
 As wanting Judgment to affit their Care ;
 Should Kings or Lords believe him, they'd be damn'd,
 And Hell with Coronets and Gartars cramm'd,
 But at his Left's a literal Scarroon,
 A Hooki-Locki-Gilli-Hobbi-Leon ;

A crippl'd Politic of *Polish* Breed,
 Who fain would have the *Weissel* meet the *Tweed* ;
 A Work as great as what the Czar's upon,
 To make the mighty *Volga* join' the *Dane*.
 He'd make the *Britons* love their Wealth and Peace,
 Secure their Liberties, their Lands encrease,
 Just as the *Polish Palatines* have done,
 Since an Apostate Prince has bought the Throne ;
 Since *Swedish Charles*, the bold *Kiovian*, crown'd,
 And *S——y* for Faith and Truth renown'd,
 In spite of solemn Oaths, on *Charles's* Fall
 Resum'd his Royalty, and broke them all.
 Such Happiness our Politician fain
 Would for our happy *British* Isles obtain.

For this he makes the Populace his God,
 And o'er our Monarch's shakes his Mobbish Rod ;
 Tells them they're on their good Behaviour all,
 And may beneath their Subjects Justice fall.
 If I conclude my Prince a Tyrant, tho'
 His happy Realms his God-like Virtues know,
 I'll be his Judge my self, there rests in me;
 Th' original Magazine of Majesty,
 And by his Ruins I'll more Glory gain,
 Than he by num'rous Years, or by a gracious Reign.

He puts for Tail the Head, for Head the Tail,
 But he who checks him justly, needs must fail,
 Tho' he in softest calmest Terms dissent,
 And builds on sober Sense and solid Argument.

Lord, what a Blessing 'tis, when forward Boys
 Turn Politicians, and what pure Decoys
 Of such our *Gadernish* Atheists make
 When they some publick Mischief undertake !
 So when their *Asps* the *Tarks* expose,
 To blunt the Fury of their charging Foes,
 O'er them, as o'er Fasernes, the Janitars
 Pass nimbly, scale the Walls, and finish half the Wars.

For him, as for that old malicious Bard,
 Heav'n for their Crimes prepar'd a just Reward ;
 He blind, this crippl'd, both obdur'd in Sin,
 As wretched both without, as tainted both within.

That good old Dame these Priests in common hold,
 Who, at the Church's Pray'rs, was lifeless cold,
 But with Enthusiastic Heat enflam'd,
 When *Gill* to Heav'n *extempore* declaim'd,
 That cordial Dose reviv'd her aged Heart,
 Gave Life to all, and Life to ev'ry Part;
 Death's grisly Terrors she no longer fear'd,
 But roll'd herself on Heav'n, and dos'd and disappear'd.
 Such

Such Saints on Moderation's Court attend,
 Adorn her Councils, and her Crown defend :
 The airy Ghosts of those deceas'd were there,
 The Living did like Witches Souls appear,
 Where all in Triumph thro' the Midnight-sky,
 The Hags on Broom-staves to their Meetings fly,
 While their greas'd Bodies in a lifeless State,
 For their returning Souls with stupid Patience wait :
 The Queen with gracious Looks her Council view'd,
 And briefly what they now were met for, shew'd.

*My Lords, and you fair Dames so dear to me,
 I here with wond'rous Satisfaction see
 You know how, since the Truth we first affaid'd,
 We daily o'er the Christian Sect prevail'd :
 We talk'd so much of Charity and Love,
 So much for Kindness and Indulgence strove,
 That, as the Corn by wicked Weeds o'erspread,
 Faith, Love, Religion scarce could raise its Head,
 And had we held uncheck'd our brave Career,
 We'd left few Christians in another Year :
 But now some Bigot Priests from Slumbers rous'd,
 Have boldly their great Master's Cause espouse'd ;
 Their Talk has Britain's genuine Sons allaraid,
 And with religious Zeal their Bosoms warm'd :*

They're

They've tra's'd, it seems, thro' all our dark Designs,
 They've sapp'd our Bulwarks, and disclos'd our Mines ;
 Our Cause was baffl'd shamefully of late,
 In spite of Managers, and all their Prate ;
 They're made a By-Name now for Knaves and Fools,
 For senseless Railers, and for Party-Tools ;
 One's rais'd perhaps to be more thoroughly damn'd,
 With Blood his Throat, his Life with Curses clamm'd :
 But if these high-flown Priests pursue their Game,
 Our Moderation soon will lose its Name ;
 And with th' illuminated World 'twill be
 Rank Aibesism, and damn'd Hypocrisy.
 Say then, must we like Christian Fools believe ?
 Or can Address our baffl'd Hopes retrieve ?

She spoke. Loud Hisses round the Palace ran,
 When, bowing low, thus Nebat's Son began :

Great Empress, equal to the Sun for Age,
 Whose vast Experience, and whose Judgment sage,
 Runs thro' Things present, pass'd, and Things to come,
 Offspring of Satan's Loins, and Hattae's Womb,
 While we're protected by your sov'reign Care,
 O ! let us never of Success despair !
 We've Ways and Means, and ready Hands and Hearts,
 Our Cause will live, if we perform our Parts.

Black were the Days, when Israel's cursed Race,
 From all distinguisht'd by peculiar Grace,
 With Amram's, Nave's, and Jephannetri's Son;
 Their Settlements in Canaan's Land begun:
 Those rigid Sires would ne'er indulge the Weak,
 Nor settl'd Laws for fancy'd Conscience break,
 But made them all one Way one Lord adore,
 Submit to Aaron's Sons, or be no more.
 But off at last thdt long uneasy Yoke,
 Time, Cunning, Friends, and lucky Junctures broke ;
 While we like savage Brutes in Forests ran,
 Fearless of Laws, fearless of God and Man,
 Till Hannashi's Sons those rigid Rules renew'd ;
 Great Kings before his God in Pieces hew'd ;
 Made God's Anointed tremble, and the Crowd
 Proclaim his virtuous Deeds and Words aloud :
 Nor was he quiet in the silent Grave,
 But from the Deep his dreadful Answers gave.

David, that Gyant-quelling, fiddling King,
 Play'd always on the same unpleasing String.
 He gave us new Liturgic Forms and Rites,
 Join'd to Devotion Music's soft Delights ;
 But to the Tabernacle-Worship still
 Made all conform with, or against their Will.

His peaceful Son that wondrous Temptè rais'd,
 Alike for Majesty and Beauty prais'd,
 Where Wealth and Art in vast Profusion strore,
 To work Astonishment, and purchase Love.
 He too would not, for he was feedsoft long,
 With Liberty of Conscience court the Throng,
 Till charming Wives and Concubines at last
 Subdu'd his Heart, and held the Dotard fast;
 Each had her Chappel then, and each her God,
 And each her Chaplain to attend her Nod.
 The Mob soon never'd in their Loyalty,
 Set th's from strict Religion's Letters free,
 Each Prince's made her Friends and Slaves comply.
 This I observ'd; and tho' I ne'er durst try
 While that long-headed Monarch held the Reins,
 To shock his Crown, or break my servile Chaine,
 Yet when th' old Prophet taugt my Thought to soar,
 And his weak Son the Royal Purple wore,
 I all with Hopes of Liberty enflam'd,
 Till me their Head and King ten Tribes proclaim'd,
 I took the Crown my Rebel Friends bestow'd,
 All Complaisance to my Creators show'd;
 Took it on lower Terms than David's Hair,
 And left the Crowd in Royalty their Share.

I treated all in the familiar Style,
 Wept when they wept, and when they laugh'd could smile.
 I set them from the Temple Service free,
 And th' Imposition of their Liturgy ;
 My Golden Calves in Dan and Bethel set,
 That they might Gods invisible forget ;
 Ty'd them to nothing yet, but left them all
 To bow to th' Calves, to Moloch, or to Baal ;
 Set Men but free from sound Religion's Tie,
 It's Gain, not Conscience, keeps up Loyalty :
 He who forsakes his God, will quickly bring
 His Disposition to desert his King.

I gain'd this Point ; and tho' some slavish Tools
 Of Levi's Tribe, and other hot-brain'd Fools,
 By some strange self-denying Thoughts inspir'd,
 Went off, and to their former Chains retir'd.
 This hurt me not ; I seiz'd their Lands and Dues,
 But that I might the thick-skull'd Crowd amuse,
 With pious Shows I constituted soon
 New Herds of Priests. As when the Sun at Noon
 His Beams on some prolific Dung-hill spends,
 Which up next Day the Mushroom Harvest sends ;
 So by my Warmib from ev'ry Dung-hill grew
 A rev'rend, blockish, temporizing Crew,

Fit for my great Designs at ev'ry Turn,
 To fawn or threaten, to indulge or burn,
 Who'd high for Liberty of Conscience preach,
 And Obstinacy in Rebellion teach.

Such pliant Arts secur'd the Crown to me,
 I thought but little of Posterity.

It's true, Fate gave me once a dreadful Blow,
 By fierce Abijam ; yet his Sword and Bow
 Empty return'd with small Success at last :
 I got a Kingdom, and I held it fast :

What serv'd the Turn of old, may serve it now,
 If we but with that Kind of Cattel plow.

With us a Church's Face appear'd no more,
 Some few, perhaps, might Jacob's God adore ;
 But none at all best pleas'd the Multitude,
 The rest a thousand various Ways pursu'd.

As Savages the Woods and Mountains range,
 And when they please their Walks and Pastures change,
 They down to Day to Calves or Moloch fall ;

The next to Dagon, or to thund'ring Baal.

I by such bold Achievements purchas'd Fame,
 And in our Records left a glorious Name.

Moses first gave them Laws, Saul taught them War,
 Religious Rites were 'tneful David's Care ;

*His Son was for that wond'rous Dome renown'd,
His Reign with Peace, his Head with Wisdom crown'd :
I did what all your Creatures glory in ;
I was the Man who taught them first to sin.*

He said. The Princess, with a gracious Smile,
Approv'd his Tale, and his Imperial Stile ;
And tho' some were with inward Envy stung,
The Vault with hoarse applauding Murmurs rung.

Then Julian thrice his shuffling Shoulders shrugg'd,
Threw up his Nose, and thrice *Lucilia* hugg'd ;
His Beard strok'd down, his Looks at Random ran,
When he with comical Grimace began.

*Great Queen, joint Sov'reign of the World with me,
Admir'd by all the Sons of Liberty,
Goddes whom all the sensful World adore,
Whose Favour all the sensful World implore,
This circumcis'd, it's true pretended high,
But all his Feats in narrow Compass lie,
Where all beneath the Ceremonial Load,
Oppress'd, prepar'd to abdicate their God ;
But bad he dar'd to sacrifice a Swine,
They'd soon return'd again to David's Line.*

*But Mary's Son, of livelier Metal made,
A noble Scheme for vast Atchievements laid ;*

And

And that he might the gazing World subdue,
 Made all his Slaves the likeliest Arts pursue ;
 He bury'd all their pompos Rights and Shows,
 As useless since himself, their Shilo rose.
 He liv'd in such a seeming Innocence,
 At him no envious Eyes could take Offence ;
 He drew his Pedigree from Heav'n above,
 His Talk was Peace, and all his Motions Love ;
 Strange Mist's he cast before deluded Eyes,
 Thro' which they saw prodigious Phantoms rise
 In Heav'n, on Earth, in rotting Seas and Air,
 No Art could break the far extended Snare ;
 The Sick, the Lame, the Blind, the Deaf, the Dead,
 As if reviv'd, his wond'rous Glory spread.
 His Emissaries mere, Mechanicks all,
 Except that kigb-nos'd Galilean Paul,
 Yet follow'd him, they knew not how nor why,
 But when he call'd, could neither stay nor fly.
 The Magic his bewitching Tongue retain'd,
 Their captive Ears to his Discourses chain'd ;
 Whate'er those Blockheads talk'd, the Crowd admir'd,
 And thought them all with Languages inspir'd,
 That mighty Oracles fell from the Sky,
 If they but let their varions Gabble fly.

The very Priests of all the Gods beside,
 In Philosophic Speculations try'd ;
 The Men of Sense and Wit were all amaz'd,
 Their Parts, their Sense, their Learning frown'd and craz'd.
 They nothing could to what they heard reply,
 And nothing could of what they saw deny ;
 Such heavy Mists hung a'er their clouded Eyes,
 As made them too their Senses sacrifice
 To Mary's Son, while the fly Carpenter
 Got more by Tricks, than Rome e'er got by War ;
 And tho' t' his Slaves that Cheat fack Pow'r assign'd,
 As kill'd the Body, and oppress'd the Mind ;
 Tho' Fate that hypocritic Couple seiz'd
 At Peter's Word, and angry Demons roar'd
 Whom those Deceivers censur'd ; and who' more
 Could break their Peace, but quickly left his own ;
 Such Rigors, tho' their Discipline betray'd,
 As Amram's Sons on Israel never laid.
 You know yet, Madam, with what strange Success
 Those Bigots preach'd ; in what a charming Drest
 Their mutual Love, as from their Doctrine rais'd,
 Appear'd, as much approv'd as duly praised ;
 And with such wond'rous Love their Bosoms fir'd,
 As all Mankind, nay, I my self admir'd.

This

*This rais'd them Trophies o'er the conquer'd World,
And to their Feet the fiercest Nations hurl'd.*

*It's true, our former Cæsar's oft have try'd
By Fire and Sword to stem the Christian Tide ;
To root out that Impostor's Name they strove,
And offer'd Christian Hecatombs to Jove,
But lost their Honours, as they lost their Pains ;
As new-mow'n Fields, refresh'd with fruitful Rains,
Bring but the thicker Crop ; so where one dy'd,
A thousand freight the Martyrs Room supply'd ;
Where'er a Persecution once began,
To Racks, Wheels, Fires, Men, Women, Children ran.
At last the curs'd Infection reach'd the Throne,
And wanton Constantine himself was one ;
For when he sweat with Guilt's unwieldy Load,
And heard the Christians was an easy God,
That if he could but stoutly thump his Breast,
Weep off some Crimes, and wash away the rest
With Water conjur'd by some mumbling Priest,
He'd be from Guilt and Pain at once dismift.
He too the crucify'd Impostor own'd,
And him above our greatest Gods enthron'd,
And ty'd us up by such imperious Laws,
That Mary's Son had almost gain'd his Cause,*

Had

Had not bold Arrius first attack'd the Fort,
 And Favour gain'd in that believing Court;
 Till weak Constantius, with his Whimsies pleas'd
 The free soul'd World from legal Rigors eas'd.

This Management their Superstition flock'd,
 And all Mankind at their Divisions mock'd.
 Their Love and Discipline now cooler grew,
 Their Zeal abated, and their Friends were few.
 I took the Hint, and soon contriv'd the way
 To make their mutual Fars their Cause betray.

I farther los'd their rigid Gardian-Laws,
 The best Defences of themselves and Cause.
 Then kindly call'd their angry Exiles home;
 Affur'd, that with revengeful Thoughts they'd come:
 Sent for, discours'd them, bad them live in Peace,
 Believe and practice what themselves should please:
 Told them, no Burden I'd on Conscience lay,
 But each might serve his God a several way.

As Titius ruff'd with a Northern Blast,
 Catch'd up his Cloak and rap'd it round him fast,
 But scorch'd with Sun-shine from a sultry Sky,
 Threw off his Cloak, and let his Vestments fly;
 So Persecution, when it rak'd them round,
 The Christian Tribes in Love and Union bound.

When Liberty's warm Beams about them shone,
 Their Love dissolv'd, and all the Peace was gone.
 I understood their Tempers well, and knew
 No British Mastives with more Fierceness flew
 On Sythian Bears, than Party-Men would charge
 Each other with, when set from Laws at large ;
 No savage Creatures more outrageous are
 Than Heads of Factions in a Conscience-War.
 You, Madam, saw; and saw with much Delight
 My Methods to confound the Fools were right :
 I hop'd by Fineness to effect the rest,
 But they still worry'd one another best.

Divide and Conquer ! Friends divided may
 With ease become the first Aggressor's Prey.
 Divide and Conquer ! To divide them try,
 You'll speed besure ; So Cæsar found and I.
 Mars, Phœbus, Jove, Mob-Gods, my Soul deny'd,
 As much as him by Pilate crucify'd.
 And tho' the hungry Daemons gladly fed
 On Snow-white Bullocks on their Altars laid,
 Such Victims to such Gods were Banter all,
 But serv'd to make my working Thoughts recal
 Their first Design ; and had I e're return'd
 From Persia safe, the Christian Crowds had mourn'd,

Their

*Their white-robe'd Tribe in bloody heaps had dy'd,
Their Fanes been ruin'd, and their Faith defy'd.
Fate cut me short, Fate Broke my vast Design,
This Method yet their Zeal may countermine.
Fate may grant other Lives a longer Stretch
To finish that of which I give the Sketch.*

He spake. The Dame approv'd his Conduct well,
And gave him streight a warmer Place in Hell;
His fine Harangue with Smil's *Lucilla* crown'd,
And Serpents hiss'd his full Applauses round.

The next that open'd, was that three-nam'd Lord,
That Man so worthy, that its on Record,
The rough-hewn Poles, that wise and peaceful State,
Who can their Kings of any Stuff create,
Design'd to offer him their worthless Crown,
As Fools believ'd about the thoughtless Town.
With wheading Leer the leaky Wight began,

*We 've heard, Great Madam! that Illustrious Man,
Whose Wit, whose Learning, and whose Empire large,
Made him the hardest Task with ease discharge.
Had's Life but been extensive as his Soul,
'T had banish'd all the Gods from Pole to Pole.
But me, confin'd within a narrower Sphere,
Have been both active and successful there.*

You know that Paradise of the Western Main,
 Which War-like Caesar once attack'd in vain ;
 And had the second time as vainly try'd,
 But that his Arts could Clan from Clan divide,
 Our Island's with a thousand Beauties bless'd,
 And by an ancient Martial Race possest'd.
 That high-flown Galatean reach'd us first,
 And preach'd up Christ : Succeeding Bishops nurs'd
 A sucking Church, 'till Gospel gain'd the Field,
 And made the Crowd of Gods to Jesus yield.

When thro' the World at first that Gospel flew,
 It gave Offence, because severe and new ;
 But quickly such prodigious Changes made,
 As all unruly Nature's Heats allay'd ;
 Made Children, Subjects, Servants, tho' before
 Fools, Rebels, and unskill'd in Virtue's Lore
 All soft, and tame, and all Obedience grow.
 Such Fumes narcotic from that Gospel flew,
 That when it touch'd their Brains, tho' coarsly us'd,
 Deliv'rance they by Rebel Arts refus'd ;
 Laid down their Lives, when e'er so Sufferings call'd,
 Their Laws, tho' much by barbarous Tyrant gall'd.
 They scorn'd our mighty Patriots zealous aid,
 Nay, scorn'd a Pardon too, unless convey'd

By Loyal Hands; for so their Lord commands,
 And so it still in Gospel-Rubric stands:
 And tho' to me such Tales meer Fictions appear,
 I think my self some time have found it were.
 This Carriage all their old Defenders plead,
 And still in their Apologies we read
 This Carriage ev'ry Persecution prov'd,
 When tho' they suffer'd, still they serv'd and lov'd,
 And this at last their En'mies reconcil'd,
 And on such Subjects Ethric Princes smil'd;
 But Christian Monarchs all suppose they found
 Most Loyalty, the breakiest Christians crown'd.
 Our Altars hence the Crown's Protection gain'd,
 Bishops and Kings each others Rights maintain'd.
 I and my Mate that Gordian Knot descry'd
 Which them and Kings so close together ty'd.
 We saw where Bishops Non-Resistance preach'd,
 And Men believ'd, no Patriot e're suspect'd
 The Throne, nor long'd for Liberties obtain'd,
 Where ever such enslaving Doctrines reign'd.
 But we new Nations into th' Crowd infill'd,
 With Doubts and Fears their Pericratiums fill'd:
 We talk'd of proper Liberty and Laws,
 And seem'd to undertake the Subjects Cause.

We taught that Kings from them derive their Power,
 Reign while they please, and when they please must scowr :
 That Monarchs in their Hearts are Tyrants all,
 And as Occasion serves to Practice foul ;
 Would Laws by arbitrary Power controul,
 Un-nerve the Body, and enslave the Soul.
 Tell them, that to resist the Prince's Will,
 Would all the Measures of the Damn'd fulfil ;
 They'd reign, but not by us, but Right Divine ;
 Talk of Succession and the Regal Line,
 To whom the Government of Right is due,
 To which they must, to 'scape from Hell, be true,

We taught, that Subjects on their Guard should be
 Against th' Encroachments of their Tyranny.
 Summon their Kings before their Justice Bar ;
 Oppose their Violence by Force and War ;
 Their own superior Power to Kings assert ;
 Their own Commissions 'gainst themselves pervert ;
 Depose, destroy, and banish all the Race,
 And all the Trophies of their Reigns deface :
 For Self-defence is fixt by Nature's Laws,
 And Patriots get the wiser World's Applause ;
 And in Defence of publick Liberty
 It's brave and meritorious both to die.

Kings were for Servants, not for Lords design'd,
 By Contraint call'd Original confin'd,
 And must with Faith their publick Trust discharge,
 Nor ramble o'er the Fence of Laws at large,
 Which when they break, we no Obedience owe,
 But may the Crown, where e'er we please bestow.

Thus went our World, when various Jealousies
 Between the King and Subject seem'd to rise ;
 The King some Discontents in Looks descry'd,
 Where Joys and Peace in Triumph us'd to ride ;
 He found Complaints of Grievances were loud,
 In close Cabals, and in the greater Crowd :
 Seditions would in Insurrections end,
 And growing Dangers at a distance kenn'd :
 He saw how soon a thousand Sects could join,
 New Grievances, new Priviledges coin.
 Frame new Distrust, forge new Demands of Right,
 And all against the Prince and Priest unite.
 And he, nay we our selves, in Conscience knew
 The Church alone could to the Crown be true.

The King by such seditious Pranks alarm'd,
 With prudent Care the busy Sects disarm'd ;
 This bred ill Blood the more, as first design'd,
 Mov'd busy Fools to ev'ry Change inclin'd.

The whole Sectarian Tribe at once engag'd,
 Some half-fac'd Church-Men on their side engag'd:
 Then Johnson loud the Faction's Trumpet blew,
 And to his Lure the giddy Parties drew;
 Johnson, that Godless Boniface of State;
 Johnson, the noble Russel's hasty Fate;
 Johnson, best known by Julian's worthy Name,
 The glorious Rival of his Parts and Fame.

Now Plots grew thick, and dark Conspiracies,
 The Mob were sham'm'd with Dreams, or scar'd with Lies;
 They swallow'd all that Scot or I could vent,
 And ev'ry Tale blew up their Discontent.
 The Crown and Cross they, taught by us, defy'd,
 No Popery! no Slavery! they cry'd,
 When neither Mass nor slavish Chains were near,
 Possess'd and hurry'd on by causeless Fear,
 The Butting Doctor with a Changeling's Grace,
 Left High-Church Trot, and fell to Johnson's Pace.

A noble Soul, irregularly Great,
 In Treasons dipp'd by us beyond Retreat.
 Touch'd with Remorse for base Ingratitude,
 To Royal Charles the soft, the kind, the good,
 Did Justice on himself, the Case so plain,
 None doubted it, but Fools or Knaves in grain.

*Hereditary melancholy dress'd
 In boding Thoughts an honest Knight oppress'd ;
 Hell quickly took the black Distemper's part,
 And thrust his Sword quite thro' his woeful Heart ;
 His Carcase was in such a Posture found
 So stiff his Joyns, so home, so plac'd his Wound,
 That 'twas impossible another Hand
 But his alone, should so the Sword command.*

*These Tragic Tales might Grief and Horror move
 In all the Sons of Innocence and Love ;
 But we, obdur'd to Pity, only made
 Their Fate a Covert for our plotting Trade ;
 We made them murder'd by the Popish Crew,
 And of the Fact, a senceless Model drew ;
 And had our Knights impress'd to swear at large,
 What e'er we pleas'd on any Wretch to charge :
 'Not that we car'd tho' Rome or Mecca reign'd,
 Provided none the Christian Rule maintain'd.
 We knew an Act if Popish call'd, the Name
 Would all the hair-brain'd Multitude enflame ;
 That, that poor silly Mob were soon deceiv'd,
 Who once the blowing up the Thames believ'd,
 That Troops of Horse disguis'd in Cellars lay
 Prepar'd to make the burning Town their Prey ;*

That hang'd distract'd Hubert like a Dog,
As if he had been a Popish burning Rogue.

They'd soon believe a Tribe inur'd to Blood,
Might be by Priests, on Knight, or Lord, halloo'd;
Would ne'er consider Possibilities,
Nor what Absurds, from their Suppose, would rise.
But when the Rumour had its Course begun,
Like the Scotch Itch, it thro' the Nation run;
And when it once incurable was grown,
They claw'd themselves, but always scratch'd the Crown.
More Hurt we've this way to Religion done,
Than Julian ever could, or Nebat's Son:
Subjects no Subjects grew, but all in Heart
Were Rebels, or would take the Rebels part;
They'd now no Faith, no due Obedience pay,
But on Prerogative and Empire prey.
The Reformation's Honour, which alone
Christ's Faith supported, and the Christian Throne,
Now wounded, bleeding, fainting, dying lay;
No Kings could govern now, no States obey.
Kings grew severe, and jealous of their Crowns,
Sparing of Smiles, but lavish of their Frowns:
They thought Religion all Hypocrisy,
Since fiery Zealots could such Traitors be:

And

And such as rail'd at Popery, yet to Rome,
 To point their Goads, and edge their Plow-Shares, come,
 Thus were Obedience and Protection lost,
 Subjects their Kings, and Kings their Subjects cross'd:
 Religious Sects, the Church's Vestments tore,
 But those of no Religion yet were more
 Than all their Sects; but wisely crept beneath
 Their Wings, and Conscience quickly stung to Death.
 There now Religion's but an empty Name,
 Robb'd of its brighter Spirit and purer Flame;
 But those who have its Strength and Substance lost,
 Quarrel, dispute, contend about it most.
 Some few, of Virtue staunch, and Life severe,
 Still for Religion's ancient Rules appear;
 But those who dub themselves the Saints elect,
 The Pure, the Holy, and themselves erect
 Into distinguish'd Bodies; those we see
 The Non-pareils of damn'd Hypocrisy:
 False as their Sire, the Devil, but foolish too,
 The clumsy Tools, with which our Feats we do,
 Yet club, cabal, and canvas Matters so,
 As if their Judgments very far might go:
 So Punchenello moves by unseen Wyres,
 Speaks when we speak, and when we cease expires.

Thus to our wish we've chang'd Britannia's Face,
 And Faith and Morals branded with Disgrace:
 B—t's Theology, and Dolman's Law,
 Keep Homilies and Statutes both in Awe.
 For these our Men of Moderation plead,
 Our S—m's, K—t's, H—y's intercede,
 Our W—t's and G—d's, Tr—l's, T—t's, W—s,
 Our Luke-warm Clergy, and our Lay-Lord Rakes.
 Our vicious Race in due Succession reign,
 The present C—ns, P—ts, and P—rs maintain
 Our Notions: And pretending much to Peace,
 Give to the Seed we sow'd, a vast Increase.
 Nor can Great ANNA stem the raging Tide,
 Or her meek Soul, keep down their vicious Pride:
 On the curs'd Age, her bright Example's lost,
 Her better Hopes, and kind Intentments cross'd.
 The mighty Louis to her Arms may yield,
 His veteran Troops to hers may quit the Field.
 But bolder Vice defies her Arts and Arms,
 Out-lives her Forces, and out-stands her Charms &c
 And, Madam, where your Name prevails so far,
 Virtue to Vice is no sufficient Bar,
 And Falshood Truth pursues in a victorious War.

He said. And from the vaulted Arches round
 A triple Tire of hissing Snakes resound,
 When from his Side the Tap loose *Belial* drew,
 And out a Flood of Rebel Waters flew.
 It broke from thence with such a factious Blast,
 As shock'd the Throne, the Lake's black Surface cast
 Into a swelling Billow rolling high,
 And made the strongly moor'd *Boraccios* ply.
 The Snakes were hush'd, the Womens Murmurs laid,
 And thro' the Vault a dismal Silence made ;
 From his broach'd Side, quite thro' the puzzling Gloom,
 An unseen Legion shot a-thwart the Room,
 With new Supplies replenish'd, every Breast
 A Spirit of devilish Policy possest.
 Straight Revolution-Principles inspir'd,
 The whole Cabal, and all to Action fir'd ;
 The very Dead long'd to revisit Earth,
 To give new State and Church Convulsions Birth.
 So when Heav'n's irresistible Command,
 From Legions Breast discharg'd the devilish Band ;
 Their Habitation by his Leave transferr'd,
 The out-cast Devils surpriz'd the grunting Herd ;
 But when they'd once the whining Brutes possest,
 Such Inmates could not let their Harbourers rest,

Till

Till from the steepy Rocks they headlong rush'd;
 And all their raging Crys the mighty Waters hush'd.
 The Queen survey'd him with that wheedling Smile
 With which her Agents easy Fools beguile ;
 Soft *Caravan* with fond Embraces hugg'd
 Her Hero, and again the Vent-hole plugg'd,
 Least, by too large Evacuation, he
 Should a mere Bankrupt prove in Policy,
 Old *Jeroboam*, and great *Julian* both,
 That perfect Statesman view'd with Envy, loth
 That such a tiny Lord the Bell should bear,
 A crownless Head the glorious Laurel wear.

B——t, who living with his Sidesmen came,
 When call'd in *Moderation's* pow'rful Name ;
 Who, while he keeps o'th' *Southern* side of *Tyne*,
 Is safe from Boot and Thumkin Discipline ;
 But on the *Northern* side so throughly known,
 He'd there wear any Shape beside his own,
 He glanc'd at Tony oft with Loonish Leer,
 Nor could the Praise of his Atchievements bear ;
 He'd let no Brother Lay-man exercise ;
 But sucking Poison from his Sidesmens Eyes,
 Scarce patient, while the doughty Tony spoke,
 He thus with *Scottish* Grace his Silence broke :

Madam,

*Madam, if to destroy, if to confound
The Church or State, must be with Praises crown'd,
I scorn to yield to any two-legg'd Lord,
Since what my Merits are, my Works record.*

*When first in better Times I cross'd the Tweed,
I was by Fate to Prelacy decreed ;
A High-lan'd Wierd, for second Sight renown'd,
Had seen my Head with Cap and Mitre crown'd.
Brim-full of Loyalty to Court I came,
And Non-Resistance did aloud proclaims ;
But when, ingrateful I, my Patron flung,
Who warm'd me first, and from his Bosom flung,
Was known at Court ; I Courtship freight began
To Tony here, and all the canting Clan ;
That Tribe which murmur'd in the softest Reign,
And could, when all the World was pleas'd, complain.
I got to visit Goals, and sick Beds leave,
Not to prepare, but barden and deceive,
Chop Logic with a dying Penitent,
And binder dangerous Truth from getting Vent
In those last Hours, when Conscience rous'd, begins
To force Confession of our latent Sins,
But Plots defeated, and the plotting Fools
Gerning in Hempen Ruffs, I broke the Rules,*

*Made to Geneva first, and thence to Rome,
And there contriv'd unhappy James's Doom ;*

*My Arts the Jesuits themselves bognild,
And Innocent and Orange reconcil'd ;*

*Made Rome a Protestant Succession own,
And Rome a zealous Catholic dethrane.*

*I knew old Spencer's dark Designs, and I
Gave Aim to his ingrateful Treachery.*

*My Pamphlets thro' the grumbling Nation flew,
And all into a sudden Ferment threw.*

*Since Charles and James could my Ambition flight,
I found Nassau would do my Merits right.*

Had James stood fast, I'd been an Out-law still ;

If William, I some wealthy See might fill ;

William the Sceptre, I the Mitre gain'd ;

He o'er the Nation, I the Junto reign'd ;

And as I'd help'd to overturn the State,

I now resolv'd the British Church's Fate ;

That happy Church, Religion's best Support,

The Glory of the Country and the Court ;

For Revolution-Principles alike

At Christian Faith and Christian Practice strike.

I then became your Votary profest,

Stood for Indulgence, and against the Test ;

What

What turn'd out James, and was suppos'd a Sin,

We rebaptis'd, to let Great William in,

I nam'd it Love of Unity and Peace,

A happy Restauration and Increase

Of God's Dominion over Conscience; all

Which Hypocritic Sectaries let fall

When they their Prince of all his Kingdoms sham'd,

And down his Throat their falseome Flatt'ries cramm'd;

These, I again, with more Success could join,

And make my Copper pass for Silver Coin.

When some true Patriots with a factions Zeal,

Would needs our Anti-Christian Tricks reveal,

And to exclude from public Trusts, design'd

False Hearts to deep Hypocrisy inclin'd;

Who could sometimes to God, sometimes to Baal,

With bending Knees, and Adorations fall.

I saw this struck at Moderation's Root,

That Truth and Peace would be the glorious Fruit;

That sound Religion, would new Charms acquire,

And ev'ry Soul with Heav'nly Flames inspire.

The British Church would grow like Cynthia, fair,

When her full Face clears up the Midnight Air;

Bright as the Orbit of the glorious Sun,

When half the Gylnes wond'rous Race is run,

And terrible as Veteran Armies are,

Marching with flying Banners towards the War:

But none would then, that bated Church, divide,
If all Preferment went o'th' Church's side.

If Godliness would bring no certain Gain,
They'd throw it up, and to the Church retain;
Fools by the Chaff of Profit may be caught,
But none will venture to be damn'd for naught.

That I might such a cross-grain'd Lam discharge,
Our Noble Peerage I harangu'd as large;
I prais'd Occasional-Conformity,
And shew'd, how, when I strow'd thro' Europe,
When at Geneva, with their Modes comply'd,
Not how at Rome I took the Roman side;
Took up, that I might Popish Gulls convert,
A Jesuit's Habit, and a Jesuit's Heart;
But that pass'd by, I wish a well-screw'd Face,
With brandish'd Arms, and Caledonian Grace;
Show'd them how much the Church wold gather be,
By such Occasional-Conformity;
That byt' Dissenters grew, by swift Degrees,
Fond of our Bishops, and of Liturgies;
Of their dividing Practices abhorr'd,
And from dividing Principles reclaim'd;

Quicq;

Quitted their Conventicles; went to Church,
 And left their canting Leaders in the Lurch;
 Pull'd down their Huts, dissolv'd that Fund of old,
 Design'd their tender-conscienc'd Cubs t' uphold;
 That where the Godly were but poor and few,
 That Fund might feed and cloth th' adventuring Crew;
 That thus the British Church would quickly be
 Bless'd with a Covenant-Uniformity,

I prov'd Church-Prayers should be unforc'd and free,
 Whether by Forms, or all Ex tempore.
 I lik'd the first, but a more rapturous Mind
 Could never bear to be so Words confin'd:
 That an old Woman once accepted mine
 Before the Book, tho' built by Hands Divine;
 That 'twas more cordial to her aged Heart,
 Than Ratafie, cold Tea, or vin-de-Garde:
 That 'twas a bloody persecuting Bill,
 Which forc'd a Man to Heaven against his Will;
 Which robb'd Dissenters of their native Rights,
 And Church and State, of Fools and Hypocrites,
 Whose Bodies, Swords, and Purses went as far
 As better Mens, in carrying on the War.

I bragg'd how I by Books, and Service done,
 Had strendly stok'd the Anglicanian Throne;

Laid the Dissenters Errors fairly down,
 Their Crimes against the British Church and Crown ;
 That their warm Temper push'd them on so fast,
 Give them but Rope, they'd hang themselves at last :
 And were but Peace to Europe once restor'd,
 I'd to the Bill my sacred Vote afford.

This Talk brought o're the Cambrian Prophet, drunk
 With Revelation, and Virginia Funk :

This taught the new Pen-feather'd Mared Tribe,
 And made them all to my Advice subscribe.

This the Leviathan of L——th took,
 Who quickly gorg'd the double-pointed Hook.

Thus we Religion, Truth, and Church betray'd,

When Lords and Commons would have lent them Aid :
 And, Madam, were not these Achievements great ?
 Or must I still my glorious Acts repeat ?

When bold Sacheverell baffl'd all our Spite,
 And foild our Champions in unequal Fight ;
 And spoke more Truth and Sense in one short Hour,
 Than all our Managers in twenty four :
 But who as Scolds could rail, as Vixens threape,
 And quickly grew as stinking Cods-Heads cheap,
 When England turn'd their Prae to ridicule,
 And Manager meant only Knave or Fool.

I freely undertook the good old Cause,
 Defy'd at once divine and human Laws :
 Oppos'd our Scriptures, Prayer-Books, Homilies,
 What e'er with Revolution disagrees :
 Quite off those High-Church Principles I flung,
 On Revolution, Revolution hung.

For when weak James, by Spencer's Arts betray'd,
 Some Breaches on the Constitution made,
 And was persuaded that with Ease he might
 I' th' British Isles, restore the Papal Right ;
 And would be but exert his Royal Power,
 His Rod would soon the Rebel Snakes devour.
 Success I knew would work a wond'rous Change,
 And strange Discoveries have Events as strange ;
 If Fire and Faggot had been once begun,
 To Mass our tender Consciences had run ;
 They lov'd to read old Fox's Martyrs well,
 Their Courage could with Satisfaction tell ;
 With Horror view the Martyrs Funeral Pile,
 And Papists, and their Cruelties revile :
 Yet sooner than they'd for Religion die,
 Th' old fashion'd Doctrine of the Cross lay by,
 And Renegades and Rebels they'd become,
 Rather than pass through grinning Martyrdom.

I knew that ordeal Tryal none could stand,
 But the establis'd Church's faithful Band,
 Who knew the Errors of the Papal See,
 Their Superstition, and Idolatry ;
 And with soft Words, and Arguments of Steel,
 Made all their palpable Abuses feel ;
 And rather than they'd join the Popish Crew,
 Their impious Doctrines, or their Ways pursue,
 They'd under all the Rage of Tortures die,
 Be torn on Racks, in Savbenitoes fry,
 If Masters once to these Extreams should drive,
 Poor tender Conscience could no longer thrive :
 This bad the Whiggish Mystery betray'd,
 And shown our Popish Friends in Masquerade :
 Their Wizards off, they'd like themselves appear'd,
 And High-Church from their vile Aspersions clear'd.
 None had their Thimbles then, or Bodkins brought,
 By Asses Ears, or want of Judgment caught ;
 When all had soudt out their fallacious Arts,
 Which had so long ensnar'd unguarded Hearts.

This, Madam, to prevent, your Friends and I
 Resolv'd, we'd Revolution-Physick try,
 So we, whose soft Addresses long had tall'd
 Our Prince to sleep, and all his Party gull'd,

With his dispensing arbitrary Power;

(Tho' plotting Treason in the self same Hour.)

Who an Indulgence villainously gain'd

For them and us; yet then our Whelps we train'd

Of Popery to raise a yelping Cry,

And arbitrary Power, and Tyranny.

The Mob, for Revolution thus prepar'd;

We could with Ease the threatening Mischief ward;

A down-right Persecution then pac by,

Our Hypocrites might still in Caesar's lie,

Their double Hearts conceal'd from ev'ry watchful Eye.

Thus James thrust out, Great William took the Crown,

And Toleration then went glibly down:

But since we long had Non-Resistance taught;

And Proofs from Fathers and from Scriptures brought;

That Kings deriv'd their Pedigrees from Heaven,

That God the King of Kings alone, had given

Them Thrones; which I my self, when young, suppos'd,

And full with non-resisting Doctrine clos'd.

Now I, and those my Friends, and hundreds more,

The Errors of our younger Years deplore.

David, we say, who never fought, but fled;

Could hardly spare his Royal Master's Head?

He ne'er his Sword against his Master drew,
 But to his Country, and t' his King was true.
 Let him, we th' Instance of Resistance make,
 And James for Saul, for David William take ;
 Yet Jesse's Son for Saul's Demise could wait,
 And not the destin'd Throne anticipate.

I talk'd of great Eliza's glorious Reign,
 Who check'd that formidable Strength of Spain ;
 How she supply'd Navarre, against the Guise,
 And would not let that daring Faction seize
 Her homag'd Lands, or in her Quarters left,
 By the wing'd Castle, to defend their Nest ;
 But never said, that great Navarre of Right
 Was Heir of France himself, and ne'er would fight
 Against his Prince, but War on those proclaim'd,
 Who to defeat his sacred Birth-right arm'd.
 I never told how angry Spain repaid
 Those Troubles which Eliza's Conduct made :
 How he among the Irish Kins prevail'd,
 And a long War on her long Reign entail'd.
 I told them how the Maccabees of old
 Oppos'd their Syrian Lords with Courage bold,
 Their lawful Kings, and how our Church approu'd
 And read their Acts, by some bless'd Spirit mov'd ;

But never own'd 'thas all a Shambal's like;

That no such Lessons fill'd her Liturgy.

I told them how the Royal Martyr try'd

To rescue Rochel from Armandoe's Bride,

And their Redemption, when their Prince design'd,

He freely with resisting Subjects join'd;

Made solemn Pray'rs, that Heav'n wou'd please to best

His Arms and Expedition with Success.

But how his Hopes by Heav'n were blasted quite,

How Richelieu's retaliating Spite

Rais'd Puritans, Low-Church-men, Papists, all

To join in that unhappy Prince's Fall,

I said not, least the Mob the Hint should take,

And our Designs, because unblest'd, forsake.

Hence I ske the British Church's Judgment prov'd;

And where our Whiggish Loun Sedition wou'd;

All to the British Church's Charge I laid,

And Hypocrites of all their Clergy made,

Whose Sermons, Articles, and Liturgy

Preß Non-Resistance to the last Degree;

But they'd some nice Distinctions still in view,

Which neither Kings, of old, nor Christians knew;

By which to Day they'd write, and preach, and swear,

The next in Arms against their Prince appear.

Passive-Obedience once my self had prais'd,
 And Non-Resistance to the Stars had said ;
 But still that same Distinction kept in Mind,
 My Thoughts and Acts no formal Words could bind ;
 A guilty Conscience drove me first from Home
 Thro' France, Genoa, Basil, Zurich, Rome,
 Intelligence in ev'ry Place to gain,
 That might cut short imprudent Parties Reign,
 Tho' Louis & ~~adore~~ the rest admir'd,
 By all the Arts of Government inspir'd,
 Whose Word, whose Nod, whose Looks were all Commands,
 Who scorn'd the strongest Oaths, unenvy Bands ;
 Awful as Heav'n it self, and absolute,
 Whose Will no saucy Subject durst dispute ;
 Yet I abhor'd that James so great should be,
 Least his long Arm at last should reach to me.

Afraid of this, I mov'd against my King,
 And made the British Horse his Rider fling :
 I shov'd that we Equivocation knew,
 As well as any of th' Ignotian Crew ;
 Whate'er our Pens, whate'er our Tongues declar'd,
 Had still a Mental Reservation-Guard.

We swore we'd to the British Crown be true,
 Till we'd some powerful Malecontent in View.

Deadly

Deadly 'gainst all that might defend their King,
 Till to offend, would stirs. *Admonish to bring,*
 That we'd hereditary Rights maintain,
 Only 'till we' our selves thought fit to reign.
 Prelates and Kings we'd hold of Right divine,
 Unless Scotch Whigs to Union should incline,
 That we'd establish'd British Church support,
 Till Famine and Populace should get Grasp'd at Court,
 That we'd ne'er from our birth'd Maxima fly,
 Unless that stubborn Soul that could not play,
 Must in seeing Inquisition's Tortures die.
 I show'd them how unclose Reserve had been,
 Like the original Contradict; never seen,
 Nor ever can be, 'tis from Hand to Hand,
 In Talk his enemies' Victory Christion Land,
 To which rebellious Subjects still recur,
 It arms their Troops, and justifies the War.
 So have I learned to know'd a Lawyer's brain, that
 The learned Gladys with a likely Plot, to drown us all,
 From num'rous Poor-Book ne'er uttered before,
 And furnished with his new Discover'd Scheme
 Which on a winter's Night with found 2000 people
 The empty Villainy of his crafty Brain.

I then the long long Meeting justified,
 And for the Good Old Cause, in Truth, I ty'd;
 They'd no disloyal Thoughts; or else I ty'd,
 Tho' Laud and Strafford by their Treasons ty'd;
 They meant no ill to either Church or State,
 And might most loyally perpetuate
 Themselves, and in Effect defend their King,
 And make the Realms with his Fortunes ring;
 I, who still trade in secret History,
 By which I've wanted many a shameless Lie,
 Show'd how their Management was just and right;
 For Proof, did Hollys and old Grimston etc.,
 Hollys, who could with Prynne and Hampden plot
 Against their King, to raise the graceless Scot;
 Grimston, wth: for the Church and Nation's Good,
 Could dip his Hands in Laud's unhappy Blood;
 Their Credit & no common Sense app'd,
 And with each partial, factious Run, blest etc'd;
 Set Rushworth up against Great Clarendon,
 A spur's ring, Iump against a cloudless Sun,
 Hoadly, my dear Religions, old Gneshae's: Mistr,
 The Senate's Darling; and his Sov'reign's Care;
 I prais'd, because his Thoughts agreed with mine,
 Both laugh'd at Government by Right divine,

Of Kings or Priests ; and both Resistance taught,

And many Gulls our Indian Berries caught.

Kennet, my soft-crown'd Friend, whose Talent lies
In Panegyrics and Antiquities ;

Kennet, who fears a Popish Tyrant more,

Tho' Trajaniz'd or Deify'd before,

Than a sharp Shrem's florill, never-ceasing Bell,

Than Pagans, Turks, and all the Devils in Hell,

Who'd, like an honest, moderate Priest, believe

None could the Nation's Liberties retrieve ;

None could prevent Rome's forward Hopes so well,

As one who first had pawn'd his Soul to Hell :

His only Safety to the Realms could bring,

Who worshipp'd Belial, but renounc'd the King,

Thus now ye preach, whate'er we preach'd before ;

Thus left the Tory, learn'd the Whiggish Lyre ;

And this strange Weather-cock Divinity

Makes all our British Clergy open lies,

By Atheistic Wits despis'd and scornd,

As all by mortal Injustice suborn'd,

As if we car'd not what we preach'd or did,

If but the great Command, the Great forbid,

The Priests despis'd, Religion falls of Course,

As noblest Legislures lose their wonted Force ;

*In common Vogs we pass for Atheists, all
The Mob with us to Irreligion fall; I
Defy the wiser Councils of the few,
Who to their Calling, and their Lord are true;
While Hell an overloading Harvest gains,
Laid up in scorching Fires, and everlasting Pains.*

While thus the Mitred Hypocrite declaims,
And Moderation's Issue rightly Names:

While the grand *D——s*, and th' infernal Quire,
His Brow, his Language, and his Tone admires,
And much was said, and much remain'd to say,
By all the rest, and all the self same way.
Shrill suddain Shouts, thro' the yet Concave stand,
And doubling from the vaulted Arch, rebound;
A Stotin to that dead Air unknown before,
Beneath that Ebene Plain began to roar:
Convulsive Pangs the spacious building shock'd,
And all the Structure's broad Foundations rock'd.
Into her Womb the fighted Serpents crawl'd,
The Queen at that portentous Omen squawk'd
The Throne's Supporters, dash'd to shivers, fell,
The torn Partition show'd eternal Hell,
The light *Baracca's* to fly-away roll'd,
The Lords o'refer, their Doxies held their hold,
And

And while entangled so, the shrieking Crew,
Down to eternal Gloom, a pitchy Whirlpool drew.

The Pile dissolv'd, with inward Sulphur glows,
And up unceasing stenchful Vapours throws:
So when a Mine has with Success been sprung,
And some huge Tower from its Basis flung :
A dismal Hollow still appears beneath,
Half cramm'd with Ruins, Horrors, Stench, and Death
But upward still the sulphurous Volumes roll,
Belch'd from the Entrails of the monst'rous Hole.

The Spirit chang'd on Leathern sounding Wings,
A Fury thro' the thickning Sulphur springs ;
On lazy Sails she beats the Welkin round,
Too blind to pass bright Heaven's eternal Mound :
Her Foot no Rest can find, no Ease her Cries,
She like the Schrieck-Owl, solitary flies
From East to West, to shun the rising Day ;
Now throughly known, she wings her tedious Way,
Rack'd by her hopeless State, and lost in black Dismay.

They shout again, 'Tis Anna's glorious Day,
She now resumes her Scepter's rightful sway ;
Throws off the Wretches that abus'd her Grace,
And gives Religion, Justice, Virtue place.

And now the Danger's pass'd, the Church and State
Have weather'd all the Storms of lowing Fare.
Now Anna reigns! away the Tempests fly,
And brighter Days ascend the cheerful Sky.
O're her fair Victory spreads her golden Wings;
To her each Day successive Honour brings.
Spain sends fresh Laurels to adorn her Brows,
And France to her superior Genius bows:
No Troops can stand her in the Martial Field,
No Forts so strong, but to her Armies yield.

Anna, the truly Christian Temper, tries,
For Knaves too honest, and for Fools too wise;
No tender Mother's Bowels yearning more
On him, her Womb with utmost Anguish bore,
Than Anna's on those stubborn Subjects, who
With Discontents her prudent Reign pursue.
The mislead Tribes her soft Compassion find,
Her Heart's all to her Mother's Sons inclin'd.
May these her Love, with filial Love repay,
May those in Peace, her just Commands obey.
May Heavenly Wisdom all her Friends inspire,
The rest no lawless Liberties desire.
May Anna's Womb the longing Nations bless,
Her Heirs successively the Crown possess:
May she, prepar'd for War, a Peace command,
Her Name in Honour's Rolls immortal stand.
O! may her Sword the vicious Age correct,
Her Smiles, her Master's Virgin Spouse protect:
Long may she reign, thro' every Age extend'd,
Her Heart with Heavenly Grace, her Head with Glory crown'd.

F. IN. S. 2

